

The Weekly Shelby News.

BY HENRY F. MIDDLETON.

VOL. 16.—NO. 12.)

[TRUTH AND OUR NATIVE LAND—FEARLESSLY, FAITHFULLY, AND FIRMLY.]

SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, MARCH 21, 1855.

\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

(WHOLE NO. 792.

The Weekly Shelby News,
Devoted to Politics, Literary, Miscellaneous, and
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IN ADVANCE;

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The circulation of the Shelby Weekly News is
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Local advertisements and all others sending com-
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ular Meeting, every Friday night, at Templer's
Hall, at 7 o'clock.**

J. S. Sharrard, W.C.T. J. H. Willis, W.V.T.
Frank Seaman, W.F.R. L. P. Becht, W.T.
J. H. Bradburn, T. F. Dunaway, W. D.
J. W. Bradburn, W.G. G. Sherwood, W. S.

**SILVER WATER SOCIAL DEGREE, No. 21, meets
first and third Saturday nights of each month, at 7
o'clock.**

Miss Kate Ewing, S.P.T. J. Clemmons, B.P.T.
Miss A. Wilson, S.V.T. Lem. P. Willis, B.V.T.
Miss Jenny Stivers, S. U. Jim H. Willis, B.U.
Thos. Neel, S. G. J. W. Bradburn, B.G.
Mr. E. Sharrard, S.P.T. J. McDavit, B. Past T.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

**Golden Rule Division, No. 1, S. of T. Reg-
ular Meeting, every Tuesday night, at Odd Fellows'
Hall, at 6 o'clock.**

J. W. Smith, T. C. Vannatta, W.A.
J. H. Smith, E. S. R. Russell, T.
Jno. W. Williams, C. H. Railey, A.C.
J. P. Aldridge, I.S. R. B. Winlock, O.S.

ODD FELLOWS.

**Howard Lodge, No. 15, L. O. of O. F. Reg-
ular Meeting, every Monday night, at Odd Fel-
lows' Hall, at 6 o'clock.**

N. B. Zoring, N.G. Jno. Readson, V.G.
L. C. Fishback, G.W. Fishback, T.
H. A. Chinn, P.S. J. F. Chin, S.P.G.

**Shelby Lodge, No. 84, L. O. of O. F. Regular
Meeting, every Thursday night, at Odd Fellows'
Hall, at 6 o'clock.**

D. C. Newell, N.G. Fielding Neel, V.G.
R. A. Martin, S. W. R. Need, T.
R. A. Martin, S.P.G.

MASON'S.

**Solomon's Lodge, No. 5, T. of A. M. Reg-
ular Meeting, every Monday night, at each mem-
ber's house, at 6 o'clock.**

S. H. Ellington, W.M. D. C. Russell, S. W.
J. H. Masonne, J. W. R. Russell, S.
W. V. Newell, T. C. McGrath, S. D.
John Chapman, T.

**Shelby Royal Arch Chapter, No. 2, Regular
Meeting, on the first Monday in each month, at
Masonic Hall, at 6 o'clock.**

TOWN OFFICERS.

Police Jester.—Fielding Winlock.
Town Marshal.—John Willis.

Trustees.—Robt. B. Winlock, Chairman,
E. Hickman, J. Carson, T. L. Threlkeld.

W. F. Luttrell, T. C. McGrath, S. D.

Master.—Jacob M. Owen.

Clerk and Collector.—John Churchill.

Street Surveyor, Watch, &c.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Terms commence on the third Monday in March and
September, and continue two judicial periods.

Judge.—William F. Bullock, of Louisville.

Com'r'l. Clerk.—S. Craig.

Clerk.—Alfred A. Jones.

Master Commissioner.—Henry Brasham.

COUNTY COURT.—COUNTY OFFICERS.

Probate Judge.—John C. Stearns, Magistrate;

County Attorney.—Thomas A. Chinn.

Surrogate.—William D. Bowland.

Deputy Sheriff.—F. D. Middleton, E. B. Sain.

Jailer.—Moses A. Dear.

Assessor.—Alfred P. Hickman.

Standing Committee to settle with Executives,

Administrators, &c.—Jas. S. Whitaker.

MAGISTRATES.—MAGISTRATES' COURTS.—CONSTABLES.

1st District.—F. Neel and J. H. Hall, Magistrates;

J. S. Lancaster, Constable. Courts: first Friday in
March, June, September and December.

2nd District.—C. W. L. Woon, Magistrates;

C. R. Threlkeld, Constable. Courts: Saunders',

Tuesday, and Lawson's, on Thursday, the second
and fourth Mondays in March, June, September and
December.

3rd District.—C. White and J. C. Stearns, Magistrates;

J. Botanion, Constable. Courts: White's, on the
1st Saturday, and Stearns', on the last Friday in
March, June, September and December.

4th District.—J. S. Whitaker and J. E. Scott, Magistrates;

W. H. Mason, Constable. Courts: fourth Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

5th District.—F. Luttrell and R. B. Luttrell, Magistrates;

Ben. C. Bowland, Constable. Courts: Bowland's,

on the second Friday, and Oliver's, on the last Monday in
March, June, September and December.

6th District.—W. P. Poole and A. B. Veech, Magistrates;

J. H. Neal, Constable. Courts: third Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

7th District.—W. B. Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the
last Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

8th District.—H. C. Clark and W. M. McBride, Magistrates;

W. M. Jacobs, Constable. Courts: on the
third Monday in March, June, September and December.

9th District.—B. A. Brown, Magistrates; W. E.
Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the last
Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

10th District.—J. S. Whitaker, Magistrate;

W. H. Mason, Constable. Courts: fourth Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

11th District.—F. Luttrell and R. B. Luttrell, Magistrates;

Ben. C. Bowland, Constable. Courts: Bowland's,

on the second Friday, and Oliver's, on the last Monday in
March, June, September and December.

12th District.—W. P. Poole and A. B. Veech, Magistrates;

J. H. Neal, Constable. Courts: third Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

13th District.—W. B. Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the
last Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

14th District.—H. C. Clark and W. M. McBride, Magistrates;

W. M. Jacobs, Constable. Courts: on the
third Monday in March, June, September and December.

15th District.—B. A. Brown, Magistrates; W. E.
Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the last
Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

16th District.—J. S. Whitaker, Magistrate;

W. H. Mason, Constable. Courts: fourth Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

17th District.—F. Luttrell and R. B. Luttrell, Magistrates;

Ben. C. Bowland, Constable. Courts: Bowland's,

on the second Friday, and Oliver's, on the last Monday in
March, June, September and December.

18th District.—W. P. Poole and A. B. Veech, Magistrates;

J. H. Neal, Constable. Courts: third Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

19th District.—W. B. Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the
last Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

20th District.—H. C. Clark and W. M. McBride, Magistrates;

W. M. Jacobs, Constable. Courts: on the
third Monday in March, June, September and December.

21st District.—B. A. Brown, Magistrates; W. E.
Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the last
Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

22nd District.—J. S. Whitaker, Magistrate;

W. H. Mason, Constable. Courts: fourth Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

23rd District.—F. Luttrell and R. B. Luttrell, Magistrates;

Ben. C. Bowland, Constable. Courts: Bowland's,

on the second Friday, and Oliver's, on the last Monday in
March, June, September and December.

24th District.—W. P. Poole and A. B. Veech, Magistrates;

J. H. Neal, Constable. Courts: third Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

25th District.—W. B. Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the
last Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

26th District.—H. C. Clark and W. M. McBride, Magistrates;

W. M. Jacobs, Constable. Courts: on the
third Monday in March, June, September and December.

27th District.—B. A. Brown, Magistrates; W. E.
Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the last
Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

28th District.—J. S. Whitaker, Magistrate;

W. H. Mason, Constable. Courts: fourth Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

29th District.—F. Luttrell and R. B. Luttrell, Magistrates;

Ben. C. Bowland, Constable. Courts: Bowland's,

on the second Friday, and Oliver's, on the last Monday in
March, June, September and December.

30th District.—W. P. Poole and A. B. Veech, Magistrates;

J. H. Neal, Constable. Courts: third Saturday in
March, June, September and December.

31st District.—W. B. Cook, Constable. Courts: Ware's, on the
last Tuesday, and Brown's on the second Friday, in
March, June, September and December.

32

The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

ADVERTISING

1. The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest newspaper published in Kentucky.

2. Terms—\$2 50, payable within six months after subscribing, at which time all subscriptions will be due and payable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1855.

Lecture of T. W. Brown, Esq.

On "The History, Power and Progress of Secret Societies," before Howard Lodge, No. 15, I. O. of O. F., February 22, 1855.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Orderly Hall, Shelbyville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1855.

Respectfully, The Order of the Phoenix is under obligation to acknowledge Brother, F. G., T. W. Brown, Esq., for the able Lecture he delivered this evening; and that we hereby tender him our thanks, and solicit for publication a copy thereof.

With much pleasure, we assure you, we are, HENRY F. MIDDLETON, and F. NEEL were appointed a committee to transmit the foregoing resolution to Bro.

A copy from the Minutes.

N. B. ZARING, N. G.

LEWIS A. GEURER, S.

BRO. T. W. BROWN:

It is with pleasure we communicate the above action of the Order to you, and respectfully request your compliance with the desire of the Brothers for the publication of your tract, Address.

With assurance of our truculent regard, we are, respectively, yours, in F. L. and T.

HECTOR A. CHINN,

HENRY F. MIDDLETON,

F. NEEL, Committee

SHELBYVILLE, March 1, 1855.

BROTHERS:

Your communication of date February 22d,

conveying to me the complimentary resolutions of the Order, and requesting a copy of my Address for publication, has been considered. Approving the same, I have, herewith, enclosed a copy of the same, which, I trust, has been properly placed on my Lecture of the 22d ult. I herewith transmit it to publication. Yours, truculently,

T. W. BROWN.

BROS. GEURER, MIDDLETON, and NEEL.

LECTURE.

No inquiry can be more interesting, or instructive, than an investigation of the *means* adopted by man, in the aggregate of societies and nations, or as an individual, to accomplish success. The whole field of human progress at once spreads in all its varied amplitude before the inquisitive eye. No result is seen without its adequate cause. No action darkens or brightens the page of the chronicler, without a competent reason. No problem of social amelioration or national decay, remains unsolved to guide by a delicate light, or perplex by embarrassed phases, succeeding generations.

A correct appreciation of the agencies, by which the great events of Time have been effected, constitutes the true philosophy of history. Error here is fatal, and *falsifies* the annals of our race. Neglect to weigh the occurrences of the Past, by contemporaneous conditions and associated incidents, justifies the severe and pungent sarcasm of Raleigh, when he said, "Read me no history, for that I know is false." Its muse too often plays the dramatist, and seeks to dignify its catastrophes, by attributing important results to great causes.

"The traveler over the glaciers of the Alps is terrified by the avalanche thundering past him, and in vain searches for some convulsive throes of nature, as the source of the danger that just threatened; but the echo of his own feeble voice among those frozen solitudes, started from its foundation the heaving mass of ruin. So the strange and magnificent phenomena of social and national development are explained, when truly elucidated, by apparently the most insignificant agencies. The lust of a Tarquin, daring to assault the virtue of a Roman matron, bared the arm of the patriot, hurled a dynasty from the throne, and broke the long slumber of freedom on the Tiber. The conjugal versatility of the Eighth Henry, forever swept from Britain the Romish Hierarchy, and erected in its stead an Episcopacy, less stolid for good, and less powerful for evil.

The great epic of Homer only celebrates a *civis, con. case*, where the advocates on either side were warriors, instead of learned sergeants-at-law; the arguments trenchant blows of spear and sword; the forum a battle-field on the plains of Troy. The Utopian scheme of the methodical dreamer of Genoa, for the discovery of a passage by the west to the land of Ind, threw into the arms of civilization and commerce, our vast continent—and from that period to the present has made one-half of the world's history; richer by far in all that illustrates human progress, than any age or clime.

Animated only by the love of gold, and the restless spirit of adventure, the conqueror of the south, and the *rouveur* of the north, sought these virgin lands for gain, or the pleasures of a licentious freedom; but succeeded by others, who, to maintain the principles of a conservative liberty, preferred the dangers of savage solitudes, to the comforts of native homes, cursed by despotism, or odious laws,—these latitudes became the asylum of thrifty colonists, and now sustain on their broad area, a vast Republic, that conquers only to enfranchise; acquires only to civilize,—that expands to consolidate, like the base of a pyramid, sustaining in stability the increasing proportions of the superstructure.

But what are erroneously termed the *accidents* of history, crowd upon us in illustration of this point beyond the compass of this lecture to cite. They are not the disjointed contingencies, that many suppose, the mere *coincidences* that chance throws on the current of events, as drift floated on the swollen river, but producing agencies influencing, from the mysterious depths of human nature, the tide of affairs. The mass of mankind act with reference to individual interest. In the pursuit of that interest, the controlling incidents of the world's drama are evolved, under the direction of an overruling Providence.

Among the obscurer and less noted influences that have affected the destinies of the race, none, on examination, will be found more potent than those organizations, selected for the subject of our remarks this evening. To trace the origin and progress of *SECRET SOCIETIES*, is almost to illustrate the annals of the human family, from the earliest periods of authentic history.

When, and for what purpose, esoteric mysteries were first employed, are points about which learned antiquarians differ. That the inherent power of mystic influence to control the human mind was first manifested in the municipal system of the Jews, we cannot doubt. Concealed from mortal vision, and surrounded by all the supernatural phenomena, which could awe and terrify, from Sinai, Deity delivered to them the sacred tablets. No familiarity, which could diminish the awful import of their commands, was permitted.

The sublimest and most comprehensive appellation of Divinity was forbidden to be syllabulated by the people, and only once a year was pronounced by the High Priest, amid the clash of cymbal and sound of trumpet, that no profane tongue might catch the glorious name. The *Holy of Holies*, the Ark of the Covenant with the Shekinah, were consecrated from the vulgar eye, and preserved the awe and reverence of the Israelite.

The setting apart of one family to the service of the altar, the onerous ritual of cer-

emonies, shadowing forth by signs and symbols, spiritual truths, all were most efficient to impress, to attach to his land and religion, the pilgrim just rescued from the dangers of the wilderness, and the bondage of Pharaoh. The sad career of that people attests this fact. To this day we witness their adherence to a religion impenetrable in its gloomy egotism to the melting fervor of the gospel of grace,—and that too after all the mysteries have become manifest in the Babe of Bethlehem,—after every type has been fulfilled. Never was a more durable structure of national polity framed. The child of Abraham, after the storms of centuries, now stands isolated in the fierce eddying surges of progress, like the cold bleak rock, that towers far out from the shore above the sweeping flood; his theocracy unimpeded by the rack of persecution or the miseries of national disaster.

Whether the rulers of contiguous nations (who in the earlier epochs of the world combined the functions of priest and monarch) introduced into their idolatrous systems this element of consolidation, from the observation of its power in this instance, cannot with certainty, be predicated. But if, as is now generally admitted, the tenets of heathen religions were corruptions of the true faith, derived from these repositories of God's oracles, it is by no means improbable that the corrupted doctrine carried with it, the corresponding corrupted ceremony. Yet we need not this speculation to trace the course of our inquiry. For the crafty servitor at the altar of an idol faith, could not fail soon to discover, the necessity of appealing to intercessory piety to expiate his crimes; or to point the troubled conscience to some act of faith, that might atone to the offended God. Then the ruler, often combining in himself the two-fold office of sovereign and Heaven's vice-gerent, found the consecrated symbols of a revered creed, and the anathemas of the altar, all powerful, when the terrors of the civil arm were inadequate to quell the spirit of barbaric rebellion. That body of men, set apart for the offices of Religion, supported by the revenues of secular industry, had the leisure to cultivate their minds, and in great while monopolized the meager learning of those early ages. Improving on their first and confused acquisitions the priest became the Sage; the discoverer of the arts, that multiplied for the unlettered the comforts of life; and even the mechanical sources of wealth and luxury. Hence the priesthood, unlimited in influence over the people, by reason of their sacred functions, by their knowledge and superior capacity to instruct and govern, soon passed into the political force of the state or commonwealth.—With the Scandian and Celtic tribes, the expounders of their gods were called *SAGAS* or wise men; and particularly with the latter, constituted the most sacred arcanæ. In secrecy, and under sanctions the most binding, did the followers of Osiris in Memphis Grove, teach the esoteric truths of their philosophy. With the diffusion of their science, so intimately connected with these ceremonies, spread likewise the secret union of the initiates, enabling them to act in concert and to maintain the imposing character of their attainments, though modified by local superstitions and national customs.

In course of time, we find the nations of antiquity, the refined Greek, the intelligent Roman, the rude Scandinavian, and the savage Celt, all cherishing mystic associations that taught in secret, and by significant initiations, the principles of science and philosophy, as well as the rites of a religion. These societies were called *Mysteries*; and are thus defined by Warburton:

"Each of the pagan gods had, besides the public and open, a secret worship, paid unto him, to which none were admitted, but those who had been selected by preparatory ceremonies, called initiation.—This secret worship was termed the *Mysteries*. To quote the language of an accurate investigator on this subject, in describing their processes: 'Subordination of degrees was instituted, and the candidate (for admission) was subjected to probationary tests of purity and fitness, to appal any nerve that was feeble, or any mind, that was unequal to the boldest inquiry. The initiate, when induced, found a school of high philosophy, where he might only have anticipated the frivolous rites of a religious ceremony. This phase, assumed in such close proximity to their origin, has misled the Abbe Robin, who lays the foundations of the *Mysteries* in the pursuit of knowledge at a time, when violence and superstition made its public prosecution inconvenient, and often dangerous. The fraternity, devoted to these investigations by vows not easily broken, as a unit. The evidence of the long supremacy of these orders over the destinies of ancient states, can be read in every record of the past, whether on the printed or in the mute telling ruin. Go, interrogate those solid monuments of unlimited power, that have stood the sentinels of centuries by the Nile's prolific flood, on whose summits rest the shadows of ages,—unruffled by time,—unshaken by storm; there learn of that wisdom, which guided from the secret chambers of Osirian ceremonies the fortunes of Egypt, and made her the instructor of Greece, the cradle of art and science. The *Mysteries*, according to Warburton, were schools of morality and religion, in which the vanity of Polytheism and the unity of the First Cause, were revealed to the initiated. On the authority of Plutarch, they refer to a *future life*, and the state of the soul after death. Plato testifies, that at Eleusis was taught the doctrine of a heaven for the virtuous and a hell for the wicked. It was impossible for men so far above their age in the principles of morality, and so superior in knowledge to those around them, not to stamp their impress on the institutions of their day. Not, however, until the time of the skeptical Greek and obdurate Roman, were secret combinations employed in the propagation of speculative opinions, disconnected with popular belief. Socrates proselytized in privacy certain tenets, revealed only to his disciples after the most solemn pledges of death. So Plato had his Academy of esoteric investigation. Their instructions repeated the system of Pagan idolatry.—This we may learn from Cicero, who had taken the last degree in Grecian philosophy, when he declines to disseminate his conclusions, *lest the people should be unsettled in their faith*. By means of mystic ties these speculations were diffused through the educated classes, and we can readily divine, that their effect was not unfavorable to the reception of Christianity, constituting no unfit precursor to the enunciation of its grand and sublime truths. It is a noticeable fact, that Paul was most successful with the Greeks. His tremendous sermon from Mar's Hill made a visible impression on his intellectual audience, and distinguished a person, as Diogenes, a member of the Areopagite tribunal, a judge, and conversant with all the philosophy prevalent in these mysterious schools, "clave unto him." The Gentiles, to whom he preached, imbued as they were with

the *Red land* of Westphalia. In these venerable originals is found the principle of strength in the secret affiliations of modern times, in the Seminary of the Jesuit, the Lodge of the Free Mason, or Odd Fellow, at the Tribune of the Jacobin, in the Assembly of the Tammany, or the Council of the Know Nothing.

These combinations present several aspects, as we consider their objects and developments at different periods. There is, 1st, the religious phase; 2d, the scientific, embracing under that term associations in its most general acceptance; 3d, the political; 4th, the social and moral.

In the earliest eras, the three first designated purposes were united, to a greater or less extent, and it is impossible, by the light of authentic records, to separate one from the other, or to distinguish at what particular juncture, they became successively blended. There can be no doubt, however, that these societies were first employed in connection with religion, to maintain, by the terms of unknown rights, a hold on the superstitious mind. *Not until modern times, were they converted into subtle engines for the propagation of an Ecclesiastical system*.

But the transition of the monastic orders, and the rise of chivalry, that the Church was indebted

for the foundations of that power, which deposed emperors, unseated kings, and placed in the hollow of its hand the destinies of nations.

It will be observed, that we have placed in the category of secret societies, the chivalric orders. This is legitimate, and entirely within the scope of our design. Vows and economies of initiation gave to these societies their main elements of strength, and constitute the predominant features of their existence,—separating the initiated in purpose and aim from the surrounding crowd. In the majority of instances, to be sure, they concealed their exercises from the public view, but rarely their identity. In all cases, solemn obligations and the test of inducing rites only gave admission to the limited number, who met the requirements of their respective constitutions. Thus they stood, isolated fraternities, unswayed by the fitful passions of the multitude, because devoted by oaths of fidelity, to one range of objects—to one class of endeavor. Yet mingling and ostensibly sympathizing with the ordinary round of popular enterprises, they insensibly shaped the impress of the times in the direction of their cherished projects. No principle of organization, can be more consolidated or efficient than this. With no congenital spirit, save some mystic brother, whose vigilant eye notes the challenging sign, ever ready to detect and expose contemplated treachery, or to brand with infamy fraternal infidelity, the initiate is impelled, by his very isolation, onward in whatever path of endeavor his Order may have prescribed. Whence the vitality of those gigantic efforts of human valor, and human folly,—the Crusades? With an enthusiasm unparalleled, expeditionary armies, only equalled in numbers by those of Eastern conquest, poured over almost impracticable distances, to be sacrificed in vain enterprise, without the sanction of political economy, or the analogy of national honor. A continent, elevating and refining (it must be admitted), yet with more superstition, than of just veneration, the Druid celebrated in bloody revelry the secret ceremonies of his false, yet emphatic faith? From his temple groves proceeded a free polity, a literature and science, that gave to Ireland a civilization older than that of Athens or the Caesars. Long may the legends of those Druid days, hallowing the dim forest and monumental cairns, be the cherished memories of antique freedom, to inspire the song of poet, and nerve again the arm of patriot. For never, till their literature, their order, and their laws, were annihilated, did the ruthless invader ravish this gem of the ocean.

It was not long before the pursuit of knowledge became a predominant motive with these esoteric orders, even of far antiquity. To maintain their influence, and particularly with the latter, constituted the supreme influence in the rude politics of their communities. That this was a happy influence for the age in which it was exerted, would be the meanest bigoted to deny. What though unblest by the light of revealed truth, the Druid celebrated in bloody revelry the secret ceremonies of his false, yet emphatic faith? From his temple groves proceeded a free polity, a literature and science, that gave to Ireland a civilization older than that of Athens or the Caesars. Long may the legends of those Druid days, hallowing the dim forest and monumental cairns, be the cherished memories of antique freedom, to inspire the song of poet, and nerve again the arm of patriot. For never, till their literature, their order, and their laws, were annihilated, did the ruthless invader ravish this gem of the ocean.

The earliest records of profane history—in the direct line—date from the era of Egyptian civilization. All at once, the banks of the fertilizing Nile teem with a shrewd, wealthy and luxurious population, far advanced in the arts and sciences, when the rest of the world—with, perhaps, the exception of India—sat in profound barbarism,—the gray morn of intelligence, not yet gilding the horizon. The preceding eras of this civilization we can not mark; but we find it at that period, when consummated, it was dispensing to adjacent tribes and peoples a full-born effulgence. There we find a priesthood, supreme in influence over the masses, the repositories of all its learning, the instructors of the age. This class, associated by mystic ties, induced by initiations of terrible import, the candidates who repented thither from the Argives to be instructed. Their knowledge was only to be communicated after the severest trials of the patience, fortitude and zeal of their disciples, as the most sacred arcanæ. In secrecy, and under sanctions the most binding, did the followers of Osiris in Memphis Grove, teach the esoteric truths of their philosophy. With the diffusion of their science, so intimately connected with these ceremonies, spread likewise the secret union of the initiates, enabling them to act in concert and to maintain the imposing character of their attainments, though modified by local superstitions and national customs.

In course of time, we find the nations of antiquity, the refined Greek, the intelligent Roman, the rude Scandinavian, and the savage Celt, all cherishing mystic associations that taught in secret, and by significant initiations, the principles of science and philosophy, as well as the rites of a religion. These societies were called *Mysteries*; and are thus defined by Warburton:

"Each of the pagan gods had, besides the public and open, a secret worship, paid unto him, to which none were admitted, but those who had been selected by preparatory ceremonies, called initiation.—This secret worship was termed the *Mysteries*. To quote the language of an accurate investigator on this subject, in describing their processes: 'Subordination of degrees was instituted, and the candidate (for admission) was subjected to probationary tests of purity and fitness, to appal any nerve that was feeble, or any mind, that was unequal to the boldest inquiry. The initiate, when induced, found a school of high philosophy, where he might only have anticipated the frivolous rites of a religious ceremony. This phase, assumed in such close proximity to their origin, has misled the Abbe Robin, who lays the foundations of the *Mysteries* in the pursuit of knowledge at a time, when violence and superstition made its public prosecution inconvenient, and often dangerous. The fraternity, devoted to these investigations by vows not easily broken, as a unit. The evidence of the long supremacy of these orders over the destinies of ancient states, can be read in every record of the past, whether on the printed or in the mute telling ruin. Go, interrogate those solid monuments of unlimited power, that have stood the sentinels of centuries by the Nile's prolific flood, on whose summits rest the shadows of ages,—unruffled by time,—unshaken by storm; there learn of that wisdom, which guided from the secret chambers of Osirian ceremonies the fortunes of Egypt, and made her the instructor of Greece, the cradle of art and science. The *Mysteries*, according to Warburton, were schools of morality and religion, in which the vanity of Polytheism and the unity of the First Cause, were revealed to the initiated. On the authority of Plutarch, they refer to a *future life*, and the state of the soul after death. Plato testifies, that at Eleusis was taught the doctrine of a heaven for the virtuous and a hell for the wicked. It was impossible for men so far above their age in the principles of morality, and so superior in knowledge to those around them, not to stamp their impress on the institutions of their day. Not, however, until the time of the skeptical Greek and obdurate Roman, were secret combinations employed in the propagation of speculative opinions, disconnected with popular belief. Socrates proselytized in privacy certain tenets, revealed only to his disciples after the most solemn pledges of death. So Plato had his Academy of esoteric investigation. Their instructions repeated the system of Pagan idolatry.—This we may learn from Cicero, who had taken the last degree in Grecian philosophy, when he declines to disseminate his conclusions, *lest the people should be unsettled in their faith*. By means of mystic ties these speculations were diffused through the educated classes, and we can readily divine, that their effect was not unfavorable to the reception of Christianity, constituting no unfit precursor to the enunciation of its grand and sublime truths. It is a noticeable fact, that Paul was most successful with the Greeks. His tremendous sermon from Mar's Hill made a visible impression on his intellectual audience, and distinguished a person, as Diogenes, a member of the Areopagite tribunal, a judge, and conversant with all the philosophy prevalent in these mysterious schools, "clave unto him." The Gentiles, to whom he preached, imbued as they were with

the *Holy Feme*, to support it from wife and child—father and mother—fire and air—from all that the sun shines upon, or the rain moistens—from all that is between heaven and earth. When an accusation was preferred, the accused was thrice summoned to appear at a designated spot. This summons was affixed by some invisible hand to the door of his residence, or posted, where he could not fail to see it. Often the terrified culprit found it fastened by a dagger to his table. If he failed to make his plea, at the third citation, he was again solemnly warned; when, if still contumacious, the court proceeded to investigate the charge. If found guilty, sentence was pronounced, and the first member of the Order who met him beyond the reach of detection, executed it. Often the murderer, grown callous in crime, from long impunity, was mystically found bound to a tree, in the deep gloom of some unfeignable forest, with the dagger still adhering to the mortal trust,—sure indications that the *Free Court* had set in judgment on his deeds,—the record of his conviction, beyond the correcting power of an indulgent monarch,—or a

members swore to support the *Holy Feme*, and to conceal it from wife and child—father and mother—fire and air—from all that the sun shines upon, or the rain moistens—from all that is between heaven and earth.

The middle ages was the earliest period at which orders under the binding efficacy of oaths, were constituted for specific ends, of a temporary character. So far, such organizations were employed only for the general uses of religion, and the cultivation of liberal pursuits, united by mystic ties from necessity, and from policy, for sustaining or extending their influence. Now occurs for the first time, the exclusively political aspect,—we use the term *politi alia* in its most comprehensive sense, including all efforts, guided by expediency, whether they were in behalf of the Church, the state, or in connection with civil affairs. The Church, struggling for temporal power, whatever extended its dominion, directly by the recognition of its peculiar influence, or indirectly by the diffusion of its spiritual influence, was a political instrumentality. In confirmation of this, it is beyond all dispute, to the effective agency of the monastic orders, and to the active enthusiasm of the cognate secular orders of chivalry, that the Church was indebted for the foundations of that power at one time wielded by both; and because of the continued duration of one—

Jesuitism still protracts an active existence, after vicissitudes, the most trying to the stability of any institution. The soldier fanatic, still burns with undiminished intensity, in the follower of Loyola. His energy is still unabated, shrinking not from new and arduous adventures, though his victories have passed away, and success now defies his efforts.

Amid the wild vagaries of an

The Garland.

THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Every wedding says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late,
Never yet was any marriage
Entered the book of fate,
But it is written,
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessing then upon the w'sning,
When a friend, with fond look,
By the solemn riss' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the crowd the loves eyes,
And the parents' glances at the bride,
But the groomsman eyed the virgin,
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her,
One was dark and one was fair,
But nor fair nor dark the other.
Shee Aran eyes and tresses,
Neither dark nor fair call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

Her groomsman—shall I own it?
Yes to them, and only these—
Gave upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
All a wonderer, as at a churchmen,
Drew upon his holy text next,
Which all of who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady,
Or, who knows?—it may be mine:
What if 'twere—forgive the fancy—
What if 'twere both mine and thine?

Miscellaneous.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.—A Fairy Tale.—BY MRS. T. F. SMITH.

"A fairy tale, O! mother!" exclaimed several little voices at once, as Mrs. J. took her seat at the accustomed hour, to tell the children a story. "Now, mother, do tell us a fairy tale; everybody says they are the most entertaining, and you know when cousin M. sent Mary Howitt's fairy tales, she said fairy tales were quite fashionable." "Well," said the mother, "I had as liev tell you a fairy tale as any other, but first tell me what you think is the meaning of 'fairy'?" One replied, "beautiful being;" another "did not know;" but the eldest boy said he thought fairies were "imagin-ary beings." Taking that for a definition, his mother then began the fairy tale called THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

One evening as a poor man and his wife, with five or six children, were sitting at the door of their cottage, one of them said, "O, father, how poor we are! I wish a good fairy would come and tell us where we might find a great treasure." I guess it would be advanced for urging more general attention to the subject. A commercial gardener could scarcely open a more lucrative business. The following original plan for protecting and forcing grape vines is worth remembering. We advise those who feel any interest in the subject to cut out and take care of this, "New way of ripening grapes," until the proper season for its use:

New Way of Ripening Grapes by Straw and Wool.

In Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture for February is a letter from Mr. H. H. Simpson, of Saxonyville, giving an account of a method of ripening grapes in December and January. Mr. Simpson follows the business of manufacturing blankets. Reflecting how they keep heat in the human body, he beheld himself of trying something like blankets over vines. For ten years he has made six hundred in a day, making on the whole between three and four millions. To retain the heat of the surface, begin to-morrow to dig for it.

She then went away. The children clapped their hands for joy, and the man and his wife could hardly emit their ears that they had really heard such a thing; for they were very poor indeed; though the man had a large tract of land it was uncultivated, yielded nothing, barely sufficient pasture for a poor cow, which afforded them almost the only sure nourishment they had. They were poor, idle, discontented people, and the children half starved; so to be sure they were glad enough to hear the fairy's words, and could hardly wait till the next morning begin to dig. They were up with the sun; those that could get shovels dug with them, those that could not, worked with their hands. In a few days they had dug a considerable space over, and several times they thought they had come upon the treasure, but it was only stones; they went on so for several weeks, but had not found the treasure.

One night as they sat at the door, the beautiful fairy again appeared. "Well," said she, "you have not found the treasure yet? No matter, dig away, you'll find it some time or other; meantime, Mr. Goodman, you must not let these little folks starve; get some corn; throw into that patch you have dug, and have some corn growing. I'll come again by and by—dig away, you'll find the treasure;" so she went away.

From the New England Farmer.

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MR. EDITOR:—I have been a constant reader of the N. England Farmer over one year and do not recollect of seeing anything in it about setting posts and stakes in fence. I had heard it stated that the top end of the stick should be stuck in the ground. In 1838 I took a stick 14 feet long and cut it in the middle, setting the butt of one up and the other down, 12 feet apart. In five years the one with the butt down rotted off, and the other stands sound yet.

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A person writing in the Hartford Times several years since, said that in taking up a fence that had been set forty years, he noticed that some of the posts remained nearly sound, while others were rotted off at the bottom. On looking for the cause, he found that those points that were set limb part down, or inverted from the way they grew, were sound. Those that were set as they grew, rotted off.

"That's a capital idea," said the father, (Goodman). "I'll get some corn, and plant them to-morrow." So he did, and as they dug for the treasure, it pleased them to see how soon the corn sprang up, and ripened, and what a crop they had; and the cornstalks made nice food for the cow, too. The mother dug for the treasure, sometimes, and having become accustomed to it, they all accomplished together quite a large piece in a short time; and soon the good fairy appeared again. She said "she knew they had not found the treasure yet, but she was afraid the young children had become tired of digging, and she that they had better go into the woods, and get some wild strawberries, and put into the last piece they had dug; it was just the place to make strawberries grow very large, and it would please them; but dig on, said she, you will certainly find the treasure yet;" so the next day, the children went and brought home baskets of strawberry roots, and planted a nice bed of them; then they dug away again for the treasure.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece of the land, and had to pull some old tree-stumps and stones, &c., round a large cherry tree behind the house, and they were very tired. That night traveler came that way, and had to stop there over night, they lived so far from any other house.—As they had no barn, he tied his horse to this cherry tree, and gave him his oats out of a bag he brought on his back. The traveler went away next morning, but in a few days they found that the oats the horse had spilled and scattered, had sprung up in the nicely dug ground, and they had a little field of oats! This pleased Mr. Goodman very much, and when the good fairy next appeared, she told her of it. "Oh, yes," she said, "it would be a good plan to plant something in each place as you dig it"—she said the next time she came she would bring some seeds for them. So they had another object for which to dig beside the finding of the treasure—to see the things growing.

She was as good as her word, and brought the seeds, and they had dug so well they could plant a great many melons and other nice things which they never had before in their lives; and the soil was so good, and had been so nicely dug and turned over for the treasure, that the plants grew rapidly, and ripened so soon, that the next time she came she told them they had better stop digging a while, just till they could take

care of the oats, and strawberries, melons, and other things. They had eaten as much of them as they wanted all the season, and sold some to the nearest houses, and now Mr. Goodman said they would go next week to the nearest market-town with the rest. So they went. The market people said the strawberries were the largest they had ever seen, and their melons brought the highest price; and the mother surprised them all by showing a cheese she had made from the milk of their cow, which had yielded twice as much, having had better feed. The younger children had carried each two baskets of strawberries, (the baskets were made of willow twigs), while the elder ones and their father were loaded with melons, pears, beans, corn, &c., and when they had sold them and come out of the town on their way home, a happier family was never seen. They all had a handful of money they had earned themselves! When they got home they sat round a table, and putting all their money upon it sat looking in wonder and joy—They had never seen so much in all their lives before; they were so pleased, they had quite forgotten the treasures they had dug so hard and so long for, till the fairy had put her head in the door.

"How beautiful your farm looks!" she said, and your cherry tree will bear bushes of nice cherries next season, now you have dug away all these stones and stumps from the roots. See how it is branching out! and what have you here?" looking on the table. Money! silver! dollars! Ah," said she, "did I not tell you there was a hidden treasure in your ground, and that you would certainly find it, if you dug for it?" This heap of money is at least part of the treasure you have found by digging. Look how healthy you will have become! how industrious and useful your children have become—how hopeful and happy you are! Look at your farm now, when was nothing but stumps and stones before you dug, is now a garden and fields! Yes, you have found more than one treasure—and now, should you like to know my name? I am called 'Industry, or the Poor Man's Fairy.' I always know and tell where a treasure is, to all—children even, if they will listen to my voice and words; adieu, adieu," and she kissed her hand and disappeared, leaving them still looking at the treasure they had found.

The children thought this was such a nice fairy tale, and called so gloriously for another, that Mrs. S. told them she would think of another for the next evening, and if the young folks who read this, like it, she will write the next down to them to read in the "Reflector and Watchman."

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.—The excellence of grape fruits and the facility with which vines can be made to bear throughout the year are among the strong reasons that may be advanced for urging more general attention to the subject. A commercial gardener could scarcely open a more lucrative business. The following original plan for protecting and forcing grape vines is worth remembering. We advise those who feel any interest in the subject to cut out and take care of this, "New way of ripening grapes," until the proper season for its use:

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From Chambers' Journal.

The Sewing Girl.

Annie Linton was the best sewer in Mrs. Roy's school; and the mistress declared, on inspecting the first shirt she made for her father, "that the Duke of Buccleuch himself might wear it!" That was high praise for little Annie, who was only eleven years of age; and she never forgot it. Her work was the neatest and cleanest ever seen. Then she did it so quickly, her mother could not keep pace with her daily demand for "something to sew."

"I wish Annie would take to her book," said Mrs. Linton to her husband. But the young children had carried each two baskets of strawberries, (the baskets were made of willow twigs), while the elder ones and their father were loaded with melons, pears, beans, corn, &c., and when they had sold them and come out of the town on their way home, a happier family was never seen. They all had a handful of money they had earned themselves!

"Annie, I said young Seawell after the marriage, "I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first sewing. I also happened to be passing when you gave, part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson; but I was a boy, then, but I said to myself: 'If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton; not because she's so pretty'—here Annie blushed most becomingly—not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind-hearted."

"Will any mowing come to this sewing?" asked her father, with a very natural attempt at a pun.

"Those who do not sew shall not reap," said little Annie, cleverly taking up her father's meaning and her work-bag at the same time, as she whisked past him a glass of beer, and takes up a collection!

As a contemporary, in noticing the proposal to light the streets of a village with red-headed girls, says: "If we were there we'd play tipsy every night, and hug the lamp posts."

A person in England lately, rummaging among his family documents, found written on the back of an old deed some words indicating that a pot of gold was buried in a certain place in the garden. It was at first regarded as a hoax, but digging in the spot fifteen iron pots came to light, containing fifteen thousand guineas, and a scrap of parchment much decayed, on which was written. "The devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study even to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you spend a shilling; remember you will have another to make it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy what is good, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrace—work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unfailing perseverance, they will disappear at last; though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

The Devil.—Start not, most timid reader, at the name of this thin old acquaintance; for why should thou be frightened at the name of so familiar and popular a character? Thou hast known him from thy youth up—a good looking and courteous personage, who could tell thee, an' thou would, many a forgotten reminiscence of thee and thine, and who is, withal, one of the blundest and most affable creatures in the world.

He moves in the best society, is rigidly scrupulous of his outward appearance, and prides himself no little on his knowledge of the human heart. Polite to a fault, with a voice of the richest tone, and an eye of the brightest glance; bewitching by his smile, and entrancing by his eloquence; with a mind laden with light, he has ever been one of the most popular and influential characters of the day. Full often has he taken thee by the hand, and led thee into green pastures, and by the side of still waters, while thou, poor deluded soul, imagined thyself in the society of one of "Heaven's elect."

And yet thou tremblest at the mention of his name: and the very idea of contact with him blanches thy warm cheek, and fills thee with terror. Mistaken soul! On the pages of the primer, and on the tablet of the Devil is painted, perhaps, as a poor, fleshly, gaunt and grim, having eyes of fire and feet that are cloven; with horns and barbed arrows from his mouth; with a long tail of many folds behind, and a long arm with many claws before; so that he appears to be a monster fit to be hated needs but to be seen.

As thou, reader, such a picture is a gross slander on the personal appearance of the Dark Prince. He is "black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, or the curtains of Solomon."

Herein, thou shouldst know, is the secret of his power—the charm of his life—Deformity has no attractions. Men are not drawn into any snare by repulsive and sickening leaders. They will not—unless barbarians indeed—worship at the shrine of any monster. No. He who would lead them captive must array himself in purple and fine linen. So at least think the personage in question, and he acts accordingly.

He comes in the gilded habitments of pleasure. With smiling face and light step he trips along, followed by a gay and thoughtless host, who sing and dance along the road to ruin, unconscious of their danger, and careful of no immediate evil.

"Here," said Annie, after a slight pause, untwisting the paper in which were deposited her first earnings: "I won't go in with you, for your mother might not like to take it from a little girl like me; but—" and she put two shillings into Jessie's hand.

"Sit there," said Annie, placing Jessie in her warm corner; "and don't go into school without me."

And I change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold," said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very book worm, who, clad in a threadbare printed cotton gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

"You should do well, and the children will be good to you, if you're cold," said Annie, looking at Jessie with a smile, and a kindly eye; "but you'll be good to me, Jessie, if you're cold."

"I'll change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold," said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very book worm, who, clad in a threadbare printed cotton gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

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